



WELCOME TO THE DEATH VALLEY DRIVER VIDEO REVIEW #147!

We are bi-weekly. We are filled with youthful vim and vigour. Our loins fill our begirdlements beyond the brink of capacity. YOU will enjoy our fanciful reviews. YOU will delight in our digressions into whimsey. YOU will marvel at our brilliance and expertise. WE will love you, the gentle reader, as if you were our former lover and we had found a SPARK to rekindle our love. Crush us your arms and love us as MEN. WE ARE THE MOTHERFUCKING DEATH VALLEY PLAYAZ AND WE BRING IT HARD TIL THE BREAK OF DAWN. BRACE YOURSELF, MY LOVE.

And we also welcome the young and handsome Ryan Muldoomstone to the Death Valley Playaz. We've been trying to con him into writing for us for a while, then we had the brilliant idea of ASKING him. And the sap said YES! Can you believe it? As one would expect, we are fucking psyched to have him.

(Your cover is by the beautiful and talented Josh Mast, lover of the ladies of Orange County, VA.)

INTERNATIONAL WRESTLING SYNDICATE- 3/26/2005-PART 1.
(DEAN RASMUSSEN)

Young Canadian good egg and patriot Llakor sends us the IWS from time to time. I'm not sure what his connection with the up and coming promotion in Montreal is (owner? booker? Gomery Inquirery liasson?) but he sent me a batch of stuff. I'm going to do this three disc bonanza over the next three Death Valley Driver Video Reviews and this will be disc one of the Un Fn Sanctioned dvd set. Lets us enjoy le lutte Canadien in fellowship together.

BLOODSTREAM: This is the hour long recap of everything going on up to this point. IWS has a lavish quality that would make one think that it is a front for the Canadian pornography industry or that someone has access to million dollar editing equipment during their dayjob (you hope it's the first one, but you figure it's the second one- but possibly IT'S BOTH!) Cold promos are so ROH/Northern. I've been downloading so much Southern old school indie wrestling as of late that I don't really want to hear from a wrestler unless they are coated in their own blood after the savage heel beatdown and screaming about the dog collar match they are going to have at the armory this Saturday- or they are Preston Quinn talking about how the Old School Empire run things around here after finisher off the shoulder of Chris Damin. But it's cool to be up to date. An hour of promos forces one to lean on the fast forward a little after the novelty of Place the Province Of The Accent wears off. It is worth it for the Green Phantom talking like Chris Benoit channeling Hulk Hogan. The French-Canadian mixed with Sun Coast Florida accent is the wave of the future- as if Ed Leslie and Dino Bravo were morphed into one oratory tradition. Unsettling.

El Generico vs Dan Paysan vs Kid Kamikaze: God, I hate a three way. El Generico is popping up everywhere as of late and I'm thinking that he went to or has been wrestling folks who went to the Regal/Finlay/Taylor training camp- as he starts with a front chancery. I also dig his knife-edge chops. Kid Kamikaze has comical forearms but Generico's aren't much better actually- thus blowing my early Regal/Finlay/Taylor theory out of the water. Everybody in the match will go lean chinfirst into any kick, so you would think you would be able to bring a real forearm to the proceedings. Eh, Generico's punches are the third best in the WWE. The body of the match is dopey 3-way spots and Kanyonized Falcon arrows. Dan Paysan is all about the running spinning kicks as opposed to the more manly stomping but I blame Northern junior heavyweight wrestling. They sprint through a bunch of finishers- which is the cheap save technique of the 3-way that I hate. You wish that you had a special Harley Race Training Guys In WLW feature on your dvd player where Race comes out to ringside and sits down in a metal chair and starts yelling "Slow down! It don't mean a damn thing if you don't slow down!" I need to see these guys in singles matches to see if they- you know...

Sexxy Eddy vs ExesS 69: Canadian Guidos? What's the Quebecois equivalent of Syracuse University? Backward Red Sox hats, gold chains and giant plates of poutine is no way to go through life, son. Sexxy Eddy does have sub-Chaz in Global miniscule pants and that is worth something as he exposes the breasts of the random stripper after she gets the male stripper

de-pantsing experience- a little something for the ladies, a little something for the gentlemen. ExesS 69 has weird capitalizations that don't actually add up so he scores added goofball indie points. The fact that there are tiny pants and four "x"s involved to add to the fact that they are oiled up Italians gets me pretty torqued before they even lock up. May I never write that sentence again. They start in with the shootstyle and you love it as they transition to a British floppy wristlock sequence. Guys in tiny pants with so many "x"s in they names should all do so much stuff before the early De-eating Hang-Man spot over the toprope. Nice bodyslam to the floor by ExcesS 69 as Sexxy Eddy is quite the Chaz-bepants bump freak. Early they do way too many fruity embellishments- 450 axe-handle over the toprope, moonsault off the ramp- when the simple brawling on the floor looks so much cooler and less indie contrived. They fuck up running the ropes a couple of times so all signs point to these two going more Strongstyle because their strikes are nice and they have fun suplexes. EXesS 69 with a NICE Roaring Elbow and the suddenly popular springboard assisted corner two foot stomp to the groin. Eddy with the cool ass knee to the side of ExesS 69 after taking a flying crossbody while ON HIS KNEES- thus doing the cool ass bridge while being stretched in an impossible position. Sexxy Eddy's offence then goes a little Kanyon on me which is unfortunate since I was digging his harder edge stuff, but brings it back home by throwing a nice punch to ExesS 69's face. ExesS 69 transitions to offense as Eddy misses a toprope rana by going tiny pants first to the turnbuckle allowing ExesS 69 to hit a toprope rana in his stead. Eddy kicks out of Lyger Bomb but actually sells it. ExesS rolls him and puts his feet on the ropes FOR THE THREE?!?!? Okay, there WASN'T 7 minutes of finishers kicked out of. Okay, there wasn't 9 minutes of finishers kicked out of. Okay, at one point, while setting up the big transition to ExesS 69's final flurry, Sexxy Eddy punches ExesS 69 in the face. Okay, POSTMATCH they have an indie handshake but ExesS 69 beats the hell out Eddy when his back is turned. Fuck the police- welcome to every indie tendency that I hate in indie wrestling NOT acted upon. Thus- THIS RULED.

Disc 2 in two weeks.

INDY TV - MAY 2001
(RAVEN MACK)

It's been hard to get up for wrestling lately. I just don't feel it. First off, I haven't been to see wrestling live in person for the longest time, which is how you truly feel that love. Wrestling is a religion, where you suspend all the bullshit science others try to throw at you, and just love on what you want to love. But loving on the wrestling without going to see it live in person is like calling yourself a Christian but never going to church.

Secondly, all I have in my life for TV watching is an antenna out here in nowhere on top of the second story of my house. The only wrestling I pick is one hour, at midnight on Saturday night, which is the syndicated WWE show that recaps Raw from the Monday before. It sucks. There's some shitty little dude acting all hyped about things that would make the punk ass bitch guy from American Idol commercials seem gangsta. A couple months back, this dude mailed me some peanut butter cookies made with pot butter, and peanut butter cookies are my favorite

sweet item ever, especially when made by Mennonites. But if I can't get them from Mennonites, at the farmer's market, the next best thing is to have some guy from wacko-California mail them to me made with pot butter. I used to live with this guy who was all into fucking ourselves up however possible, and I can tell you, pot butter tears you up far worse than stir frying some buds ever could. If you're gonna stir fry drugs, I'd suggest stir frying mushrooms, because it cuts the taste down, and how're you gonna go wrong loving on the delicious combo of basmati rice and snow peas with some other stuff, and then having minor hallucinations a few hours later?

Anyways, I haven't been able to write about wrestling in a while because of all this. My man in Ohio has been sending me the lucha libre, but I zone out and start reading collections of translated Chinese poetry by Beat poets like Kenneth Rexroth and Gary Snyder instead. Most of the wrestling, outside of Ernie Ladd in Florida in the late '70s, that I've seen lately has lacked passion and been going through more motions than directions. In other words, fuck wrestling. But then again, I started this one concept I was gonna do about reviewing TV wrestling from the WWE developmental territories in May of 2001, plus NWA Wildside, since they were one of the few other indys running one-hour TV programs weekly and they had dabbled in developmental purgatory themselves from time-to-time, even being killed recently because their overlord had taken some sort of developmental overlord gig with the WWE.

Well, from where I sit, a Dennis Condrey DDT is poetry whereas a Bautista squash with a couple of fake Muslims I saw on the WWE syndicated recap show last night is an infomercial. This means I like poetry more than infomercials, so I'm not gonna review shit in any way to convince you "you must see THIS!" All you must see in your life is the birth of your children and the burial of your parents. I'm gonna take that wonderful month of May 2001, and watch the indy wrestling hour-long programs I have amidst the stacks of bullshit material possessed tapes I seem to accumulate with no concern for my own ability to live free and easy, and write haiku. Now remember: May 2001 was about two months after WCW finally went off the air as its own separate entity, and we were still a handful of months away from September 11 when planes wrecked into buildings and made us learn how to be real idiotically crazy passionate about vague concepts that had always seemed like bullshit to us up until that point. But it was wrestling. And that's what we all love, even if it doesn't seem to love us as much anymore.

Wildside – Adam Jacobs, John Phoenix & Eddie Golden with Jeff G. Bailey vs. Onxy, A.J. Styles & Air Paris

Paris air highjinks –
Drug-induced and dangerous
To his own future.

A.J. – God-ordained
Styles to clash with wrestling's dark
Pervert underbelly.

Paired as faces to

Face Jeff G. Bailey – pockmarked
With evil motives.

Paris has passed out
In stank bathroom stalls before
Matches – a man lost.

Styles developed bank –
Developmental dollars
Buy mad gold Bibles.

Bailey's army lacks
Hatred, making this wacky
Backyardish nonsense.

Onyx gets the pin,
Because he's too black, too strong;
Georgia – recognize.

MCW – William Regal vs. American Dragon
Regal - royal in
wrestling only; a drunk Brit
gone carny really.

Dragon - the darling
of internet delight; dry
as milk-less cornbread.

Dragon wrestles well,
and Regal runs his mouth good,
so on paper...yeah.

AmDrag has a beard
now, looking like a bus bomb
victim beforehand.

Dragon's small compared
to Regal, which doesn't bode
well for his future.

"Superstars" are big
and make Patterson's dick hard;
wrestling comes second.

Euro uppercuts
by Regal land enough jaw
to make me believe.

Dragon stands tall and
answers with his own; green mats
ringside distract me.

Top rope dropkick comes
quick and ends this match, before
it reaches its hype.

MCW – Joey Abs vs. Lance Cade
Cade is some sort of
supplement-fueled superstar
on the TV now.

God feared Joey Abs,
but he lost his venom and
now is anyone.

Took the turnbuckle
off to smash the face's face,
and trigger big blood.

Blonde-hair plus blading
creates sympathy with the
simple folks ringside.

Abs' shoulder sunrise
set long ago; Cade's scarred soul
still starves for stardom.

Abs ends up bleeding
too; double juice justifies
hatred in Memphis.

Cade wins with table
shenanigans, but suffers
post-match finishers.

OVW – Randy Orton & Nick Dinsmore vs. Flash Flanagan & Rico Constantino
Rico's "gay" mullet -
'80s masculinity

now equals hatred.

Orton was blue-chip,
predestined to wear the gold,
regardless of worth.

When opponents work
smooth, Orton's the second come
of late-night workrate.

Flash in the ring is
Tennessee history, wrapped
in shiny black shorts.

Heels are homo, yet
Rico lurks deeper in the
closet than bright Flash.

Dinsmore's no longer
the best in Louisville, as
now he's retarded.

Rico looks '80s;
Orton looks lost; Dinsmore looks like
Louisville's rat trap.

Flash, full of venom,
beats down ev'ryone, in true
tweener champ fashion.

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INTERNATIONAL WRESTLING SYNDICATE-"Best of the Fan Favourites"
(Ryan Muldoomstone)

THE ARSENAL vs. SEXXY EDDY: I'm assuming this is joined in progress, unless the "wrestling" on this DVD is to be so psychologically flawed that a match will actually begin with a senton bomb onto the barbed wire. Gladly, Beef Wellington clears things up for me on his commentary: "This is a Fan Favourites DVD, so you're not going to see any of that technical wrestling bullshit - we're going straight to the hardcore. Suck my cock!" I would enjoy that if it came out of Bob Caudle's mouth (the statement, I mean - not the cock). I'm seeing a Boston Crab on top of a barbed wire board (Beef Wellington: "Right on the titties!"), and I'm thinking this match is ... lacking. It's like sometimes you see a metal band, and they've taken the speed and the aggression and the brutality, and forgotten the emotion (or if you prefer, the psychology) that

needs to be at the heart of it all. It's the difference between old Kreator and Dying Fetus, ya' know? Sure you do. I'm glad this match has given me the opportunity to let fly my first official DVDVR metal reference. This match is testing my patience, and we're ... three and a half minutes in. Why did I ever agree to this? Arsenal pours a beer pitcher filled with thumbtacks on top of a plywood board. I try to imagine what will come next, while silently mourning the death of subtlety. Thumbtacks are dumped into the trunks of Sex XXXPress, talk turns again to the state of his cock, and I'm hitting the "chapter skip" button. I don't think I'll ever understand wrestlers who are willing to put thumbtacks in their scrotum, but not willing to learn how to throw a decent punch or a simple elbow drop.

THE FAV FAVOURITES vs. SEXXY EDDY & THE FLYING HURRICANES: This match starts off just like the last one, sans the barbed wire. I try to keep an open mind. Hey, there's someone's "valet" at ringside, so I've got that to look forward to. The Hurricanes have the face paint not unlike Darryl Hannah in "Clan of the Cave Bear." I have the interest level of a man listening to a radio dramatization of "Clan of the Cave Bear."

ARSENAL vs. LATINO MYSTERIO: The title screen tells me this is a new match ... but near as I can tell, it's the same kooks from the previous snoozefest. Arsenal has the indie-wrestling mic and the sound quality is like listening to a Sore Throat album through a battery-powered transistor radio. A couple of f-bombs can be heard exploding over the din of threats and promises. I'm still waiting for the Latino Mysterio to make an appearance. Arsenal appears to be about 5'6" and 170 ... and the announcers are saying he will tower over Latino Mysterio. There's some flipping and some flopping and some strikes completely void of violence, and then The Flying Hurricanes hit the ring for some triple-team nonsense and just as soon they're gone and I've just realized what a stupid name The Flying Hurricanes is. I decide to call myself "The Floating Cloud." I decide to utilize "The Chapter Select."

ARSENAL vs. NIGHTMARE MANSON: I'm starting to feel guilty that I'm not really giving this a chance, but I figure there are lots of things I've never really given a chance to, and my life doesn't seem to have suffered. Plantains, line-dancing, shitting my pants instead of using a commode - all things I've not given a chance to. Add the IWS to that list. I want to see what "Nightmare Manson" looks like, and I feel compelled to call him "Nightmare Mansion." This match seems to consist solely on inaudible mic work - although it's an insult to the working class to call this "work." Nightmare Mansion is wearing a white jumpsuit, not unlike the style favored by Eric Clapton when he was doing a lot of blow (I'm just assuming he was doing a lot of blow at that point ... or at some point. Please don't sue me). Nightmare Mansion cracks Arsenal over the noodle with a trashcan lid, and for a second, I like him. Approximately thirty seconds later, there are six trashcans, eight chairs and zero wrestlers in the ring. How much longer does this go on? I'm not sure, but I'll be watching it FOUR TIMES FASTER than those watching it live had to. Whhhhheeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee ... thanks, DVD inventors! At one point, Arsenal gets himself stuck in a trashcan, which is notable for no real reason at all. Hey, here come the Hardcore Ninjas. And ... they're gone. Now they're back. They're Ninjas! I wish they would have brought some throwing stars. Or Dick Slater.

THE HARDCORE NINJAS vs. SYNDICATE DE LUTTE INTERNATIONAL: Of all the tag team names I've ever heard, Syndicate de Lutte International is certainly ... one of them. I feel the urge to listen to "Thick as a Brick." And maybe I will. Or maybe I will just take the opening line to heart, when Ian Anderson says he really doesn't mind if I sit this one out. This is completely not my cup of tea. If it's yours, good luck, have fun and don't forget you have detention next Thursday.

THE FAN FAVOURITES vs. KID KAMIKAZE FEAT. KURT LAUDERDALE: What will Kurt Lauderdale do in this match to have earned the "featuring" tag? Will he rap for 12 bars about the \$250 limit on his CapitalOne card? Will he claim to have written "Bat Chain Puller"? I'm not sticking around to find out.

2/3 FALLS: THE FAN FAVOURITES VS. KID KAMIKAZE EXPERIENCE FEAT. KURT LAUDERDALE: Two out of three falls??!! TWO out of THREE falls?!?!?!? Someone up there hates me. No way. Never let it be said that you don't get your money's worth from an IWS DVD. I fold. And I ain't watching the bonus clips.

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JUNE 19, 1980 – ROME, GA – ROME MEMORIAL GYM-
[Paul Jones – Promoter]
(Anthony Gancarski)

Kid Collins versus Eddie Gilbert – This Gilbert kid is a young up and comer, but something tells me he will be haunted by demons. The demons that haunt him in this match are from Kid Collins though. Gilbert did a lot of mat work that Collins countered by stalling -- saying that he didn't have to work because of child labor laws. Able opener.

Mark Lewin versus Terry Taylor – Hey, Terry, would you like to join a Satanic Cult? See, me and Kevin -- he's a baby now, yeah -- have this idea. We'll spend the 80s hither and yon, and get to Florida in 1985, and then, we'll recreate you -- FROM THE SEA, that glorious Atlantic! And you will lie dormant until that time we send you to Connecticut to work as a first lieutenant in Satan's Army. But here, I'll beat you with a vertical suplex, and you will taste my Mennen-glazed sweat in defeat.

Mike Sharpe versus Genichiro Tenryu – Streamers come down like a motherfucker, and as they say, when in Rome, so I bite the nub off the preacher's hotdog and then force his wife into an act of contrition, if you will. Match starts off, collar and elbow, quickly down to the mat. Sharpe up quick as a cat and he calls for the mike. 'Tenryu, I am going to Bataan Death Match all up your Corrigedor if you smell la-la-la what Iron Mike is cooking'. Sharpe is all up in Tenryu's grill. Sharpebomb for 2. Sharpiesteiner for 2. Sharpedriver gets one. Tenryu gets the rubber legs and Iron Mike is laying the Sharpedown. Giant Baba and Andy Kaufman run in here, and then Kaufman jabs Sharpe in the carotid eight times with a letter-opener. **1/4, extra 1/4 for the juice.

Bob Sweetan versus Kevin Sullivan – See, Kevin, it don't matter if you wash your hands, they're going to get dirty anyway. And see here, when I hit you upside your head, you better lay down, son. It's called breaking into the business. And well, you'll know soon enough, when you stop training so hard and stop giving a shit, because the bookings dry up, you go outlaw, and no one wants you anymore. Just wait. And bleed.

Baron Von Raschke versus Jay Strongbow – Ward Churchill Theater!

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Championship Wrestling- The Conclusion- 4/23/05
(PHIL SCHNEIDER)

This card was built around the end of the CW v. SSW feud which had been running for the last couple of months in this promotion. Beau James left town and left the promotion in the hands of a bunch of skinny pop-punk band looking guys who enjoy watching wrestling tapes. James comes back and jumps all these guys with Tracy Smothers and some fat guy I don't recognize. They beat the shit out of these guys with Beau cutting some great promos about living for wrestling and how "You have never lost wives and children for this business" while Tracy is in the back saying "We don't need no damn moonsault." Then Beau runs around Championship Wrestling busting people open and throwing fireballs, somehow this is supposed to make him a heel, but fuck if I know why.

Tony "The Dragon" Givens v. Josh Cody: This is a War Games advantage match which is a really cool idea, winner of the matches team gets the advantage. Cody is on the SSW team which doesn't make sense as he is pretty much the epitome of skinny spot guy. Meanwhile Adorable Danny Ray is on the face team, even though he is an old fat guy with a bald spot who has really nice punches, they really should have kept the dichotomy more. I kept waiting for this match to fall apart, and although it had moments where it felt like it was going to go into 2.9 TPI wrestling, it never really did. The finish was pretty great too, as the ref gets bump, James comes out and throws Cody a chair. Cody then smacks the chair against the ringpost, throws it to Givens and fakes getting hit. Givens gets DQ'ed and the heels have the advantage.

Clay Connors v. Dan Morrow: Both guys are really green, but at least try to work simple. Morrow had nice kicks to the stomach, but nothing else. This is before Clay broke Red's heart and started cheating.

Thorn v. Adam York: These guys were apparently partners who had a falling out, when Thorn joined SSW. Thorn looks like a fat scummy Christian York, which fit well when I thought he was Adam York, the actual Adam York looks nothing like Christian York. This was kind of short and fine as York has some comical variations on backfists and such. Actually it really stunk, but stunk in a way I want shitty matches in this promotion to be shitty. Neither of these guys has ever seen Dragons Gate.

Cold Alyx Winters v. Dr. Tom Pritchard: This was really beautiful. Pritchard works this entire match based around hiding a harmonica in his hand and hitting THE COLD with it. Occasionally he would mix it up and put on a chinlock with his feet on the ropes. He took one bump on a verticle suplex, and it was clear that either THE COLD doesn't have a verticle suplex or Pritchard demanded that he control his own bump as he suplexes himself. It seems to me that this is Dr. Tom's title match, his opponent doesn't matter and in this match he takes a verticle suplex. The finish comes with Pritchard loading his boot and hitting Winters with an enzigiri, which is ridiculously athletic looking from a guy you expect nothing athletic from. "WE DON'T NEED NO DAMN MOONSAULT"

Beau James/Josh Cody/Super Destroyer v. Tony Givens/Robbie Cassidy/Danny Ray: This is the Wargames match SSW v. CW with the loser leaving the promotion. Earlier in the show Beau James had sprayed something in Tony Givens eyes so he was supposedly out of the match. Danny Ray and Josh Cody start, and Danny Ray is all about being a balding guy with nice elbow drops and nifty chops to the throat, Red tells us that he has been in the business for 20 years and trained Jamie Noble, and I clearly need to get my hands on some Danny Ray v. Ron Wright. Super Destroyer comes in next and Danny Ray is in trouble and busted open. Then Beau James jumps Cassidy on the outside and beats his ass, and poor Danny Ray has no help. Givens the runs from the back with a bandage on his eye to even the sides and comes in as a great house of fire. Then he hits a shining wizard and I am again confronted with the agony and the ecstasy of Tony Givens. Shining Wizard in a War Games? You have got to be shitting me. It gets back to ugly and bloody when the unbelievably awesome Beau James comes in and starts kicking everyones ass. Cassidy makes it up from the ground to come in and he doesn't blow his babyface comeback with Puro wankery. Finish has Cody taking a nutty bump off the top of the cage to the floor, and Ray hooking in his famous sleeper on James, then Givens puts on Nakamura's shining triangle really poorly, and Super Destroyer taps moments before James goes asleep. Conceptually a cool ending, but the ending a War Games match with a poorly executed move you saw on a Japanese DVD is utter shit. Givens would be really good if he rid himself of this notion that he is on his way to a big Alex Shelly feud in TNA or something, pawn your DVD player, Tony- for the love of god.

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MISCELLANEOUS SMOKEY MOUNTAIN WRESTLING (RAVEN MACK)

Seriously, here's my deal...I've been drinking a lot of Modelo Especial for no other reason than they have pretty 12-pack boxes. It's like ten dollars a 12-pack, which usually I would not only cringe at, but mock, yet somehow in the hypocritical mind I've cultivated, I've justified this nonsense. Anyways, I bought a new tape player last weekend at the flea market in town. It was like 2 pm, so folks were packing up, and I rolled up with like 90 bucks in my pocket, and saw the electronics dude. He had a bunch of shit, more than usual, and I asked him about a tape player since my tape player plays but won't record off turntables, which is more important to me than a 1000x CD burner, because I'm stuck somewhere not necessarily old school, but definitely some

sort of school. Anyways, dude told me it'd cost \$25, and I'm not the haggling type because I was growed up a simple southern boy who says "ma'am" and "sir" until I'm forced to do otherwise, and if I have to borrow your weed-eater, I'll hang out for two hours, kicking small-talk, before I get around to asking to borrow your weed-eater. I told the dude I'd catch him next weekend because "I didn't come equipped." "What you workin' with, playa?" "Ten bucks." "Tell you what...I'll take it," and he hooked it up to a car battery and played some Stevie Wonder to prove to me he wasn't ripping me off. So I've made like three mixtapes already with the new tape player, still figuring out its inconsistencies and incongruities, but all day, I had been hyped about making a tape with one side Screw shit and the second side Black Oak Arkansas/Charlie Daniels Band from back when CDB was southern rock and not pop country. Tonight, I was gonna make an eclectic mixtape for my wife, being she and the kids will take off at like five in the morning for the farmer's market to sell her handpainted silk scarves, and I'll lay in the bed till I feel guilty as fuck (at like 8), then get up and change the brake pads on my car and take the trash to the landfill, probably going to the post office to check my box and mail off some zines. But in making her tape, the method I've always used is to go through all my records (like 1200) and pick out whatever fits the theme of the tape, and then I have a simple stack of like 40 or 50 to pick through to make the dope mix. Well, while digging through the albums today, I got all anal retentive and pushed them tight on a lower shelf, and in the process, uncovered a couple of tapes. No shit. One said, and I'm fairly sure it's from my boy dreamkiller down in Florida who also served his country well in Iraq (no matter how stupid I think a war is, I appreciate a motherfucker having to miss the birth of his first child to be in some other dipshit situation because of the government that signs his paychecks), and he even sent me some Saddam Hussein dinars, which I still have and plan to spend one day once Fidel Castro and Kim Jong-Il abduct Katie Holmes and train her to make pro-Communist subliminal messages in the shade patterns on her big toothy smile. Well, one of the tapes I found said "Shane Douglas Shoot Int. & Misc. SMW". I am as into shoot interviews as David Duke is into watching his wife fuck Sean Michaels, or Bushwick Bill is into watching David Duke have sex with another man. But I looked at the tape and saw it had already been played a bit, and I'm sure the old me agreed with the new me and could give a fuck less about a shoot interview, so I popped the motherfucker in. Here's what I saw, and what it made my mind force my fingers to push on a keyboard...

CONFRONTATION W/ JIM ROSS

It's Tracy Smothers, wearing a confederate flag jacket, arguing with Bryan Anderson, with his dad Ole. This simulated confrontation represents the dichotomy of me, in full effect. You see, I grew up around rednecks who were hippies, so that when I went to college and met hippies that were hippies, I was unaware that hippies could be so full of shit and unlounjin'. Tracy Smothers, here, represents the Longhaired Redneck, or better yet, the Longhaired Country Boy, who is proud of his upbringing, but not averse to pulling over to help some old black lady get her car going again on the side of the road. Bryan Anderson is the young spoiled kid who grew up with enough leeway to be a "hippie" and has grown his sideburns and mustache all weird-looking and clever, so as to look like a bare knuckles boxer dressed in a style of shirt Dylan Thomas would wear, all while thinking in his head how awesome the String Cheese Incident is (to be fair, Bryan in this tape was a while back, so he probably worshipped Widespread Panic instead). And Bryan, when he is forced to talk, talks like a kid sitting shotgun in a Denali headed to Myrtle

Beach from his summer apartment in Wilmington, North Carolina, excited about how much blueberry weed he's gonna smoke at the beachhouse in his buddy's brand new 18 inch TM. It's no wonder Bryan Anderson never amounted to much in the wrasslin'.

LANCE STORM & BRIAN LEE vs. GEORGE SOUTH & STEVE SKYFIRE

The great thing about tag team wrestling is how a young Canadian fucker with a bleached blonde mullet stuck in Tennessee like Storm will be matched up with a southern degenerate weedhead like Brian Lee. Wrestlers get so much credit for how hard they've worked to perfect, partially, the art of simulating a fight, but think of all the perverted, twisted shit every wrestler has seen in his years coming up. Shoot interviews are just the tip of an iceberg, talking the Meltzerian talk that the internet wrestling fan wants to read; but most of these guys have seen people piss on each other or girls do things so denigrating Tijuana bar owners would blush. But that's wrestling, and that's what makes it beautiful to me. Storm & Lee win because they are being pushed.

THE DIRTY WHITE BOY vs. BRUISER BEDLAM in a Whipping Match

A place that has Tony Anthony as their main babyface is a place that has dirt tracks within 20 miles, and people worship Dale Earnhardt just barely less than Jesus Christ, because God needed a driver. Anthony brings Ron Wright out as his second to counter Jim Cornette's dastardliness. Bruiser Bedlam is a redneck dude, but he shaves his head, is billed as from Detroit, and sports the fu manchu. In reality, he's a redneck who drinks Budweiser while cutting grass on his riding mower, but in wrestling alternate reality, all those extras – the hometown and facial hair – make him a foreigner to be hated. That's good wrestling. We all have stereotypes we live by, we've just learned to stifle them out of multi-cultural correctness. But we all think fucked-up things. Personally, regardless of the lyrics, I think "One in a Million" by Guns-n-Roses is one of the last great rock-n-roll songs before pop culture became too deeply steeped in hip hop. I would never say some of those things, but the song is about a "small-town whiteboy" who wants to escape his town, and goes to L.A. and is a-feared of all these things. That's normal.

When I see those new Mustangs with the retro grills, I imagine Steve Austin driving one of those things, with that abominal yellow color that a lot of new cars have, and on top of that, I can imagine Tony Anthony seeing a car like that driving by and wishing first of all that it was black or white, and second of all that he could afford one. And then he gets in his Monte Carlo Supersport and rides to the Wal-Mart Supercenter. DWB wins, and whips Bedlam, but as Cornette is gonna get whipped, Bedlam handcuffs DWB to the ropes and Cornette whips Ron Wright, to make a heelish point.

"Jim Cornette, this man's like my father, and by God, you messed up when you put your damned hands on him, because I swear to God, if I ever get my hands around your throat, I'll choke you so hard, your eyeballs will pop out. And there's not one thing you can do about it. And Bruiser Bedlam – you get in my way and I'll cut your head off." That's your babyface promo from Tony Anthony, and also one more reason why I love the South.

There's a couple of Cactus Jack related promos, and he says something about having to team with Brian Lee about how Lee had his first match six years ago with Jack, and was so young and innocent, but now has the sins of the World plastered across his face and Jack loved it. Crap like that is why I liked Cactus Jack before he became a WWE marketing angle – he was bizarre and cryptic. Once he became corny and reflected, I stopped caring. Someone mailed me the ECW pay-per-view DVD, but I haven't been able to make it to the post office yet when they're open and I'm not working, so I haven't seen it, but I have very low hopes for listening to Mick Foley on commentary. I can appreciate someone earning money off their legend, but when you are a crazy motherfucker for thirty dollars a night, if you're lucky, and then you end up being married to a super model earning five figures to sit around and be a late night Captain Kangaroo-knock-off, then fuck you. I'm not a chant-happy nimrod needing the social acceptance of saying the same thing as forty other people out loud, but in my head, when I see Mick Foley, I think, "You sold out...you sold out."

NEW JACK PROMO

New Jack is outside repping the Gangstas, with a young D'Lo Brown stalking around finding weird shit like pallets and barrels, and New Jack is hyping up a street fight with the Rock-n-Roll Express, and it's your normal great New Jack promo, but what I love about this one in particular is New Jack telling D'Lo to go into the woods and get whatever he can find. My grandmother used to live in a trailer park in a small town, and my uncles would take me back in the woods, and when there's civilization of an impoverished nature on the edge of developed earth, there's gonna be some weird shit at the edge. The first bike I ever rode (and broke my arm on) was dragged out the woods like that, and had WD40 sprayed all over the chain to make it start working again, relatively speaking. A lost art in wrestling is the manager, who helps talented yet mouth-goofy youngsters and sometimes veterans become TV presences. You could take any two shithead skinny indy fuckers, slap them together with New Jack talking shit for them, and they'd be over enough to be in TLC matches with the Hardy Boyz, the Dudley Boyz, the Hart Boyz, and Tito Santana & Pedro Morales at whatever Wrestlemania is next.

CHAD AUSTIN vs. BOO BRADLEY w/ TAMMY SYTCH

Tammy the hot redneck crackhead is carrying a cat around that Boo wants to pet, but she won't let him until he destroys his competition. So he destroys it, but slow enough that Jim Ross and Les Thatcher can hype up the upcoming Thanksgiving Thunder supercard. I wish we still had supercards that were super, full of crazy stipulations and special referees, rather than crappy ballyhooed events full of cheap pre-written gimmicks and an extra \$30 on my satellite bill.

~%~

WRESTLE AID PROJECT- 10/24/04 (Ryan MulDoomstone)

Ryuma Go vs The Highlander: Ryuma Go comes to the ring to the sounds of "Eye of the Tiger" by Survivor. I don't think he's being ironic. He looks a little bit like DEAN actually, with a few more sit-ups. Ryuma Go seems to be all business, though I could swear those in attendance

are actually openly laughing at him. Why would that be? A quick cut, a ring of the bell, and we're underway, completely missing the entrance of The Highlander. My guess is the ASCAP fees for "High Plains Drifter," "Because I Got High," or "Simply the Best" were too much of a strain on the Wrestle Aid Project wallet. The Highlander has his face painted right down the middle, two different colors, and I'm reminded of that freak that used to sing duets that way on "Puttin' on the Hits." Nevermind. Ryuma Go doesn't so much run the ropes as he does hop over to them, leading me to believe he is training for a potato sack race. Somehow, both competitors end up outside the ring, and Ryuma Go is attacked by a large gentleman with a pony tail. He appears to enjoy pumping iron. He appears to not know how to execute what I like to call a "clothesline." I can't be certain, but I'm going to guess the man trying to attack Ryuma Go is Triple H. Gotta be. With the assist of Triple HHH, The Highlander is now on the offensive outside the ring, throwing Ryuma Go into the ringpost with all the impact of answering a phone. They both stumble up the aisle, when The Highlander tosses some clown (who appears to be the Japanese equivalent of the "hat guy" from ECW) out of his chair and clocks Ryuma Go over the head with it. At this point, I am fully invested in this match. The Highlander follows this violence up by ... yelling at the 230 in attendance. He tries to Irish Whip Ryuma Go, but Ryuma Go says, "Fuck you, buddy, my legs don't work that way," and reverses The Highlander into the ringpost. Unfortunately, The Highlander actually leaps around the ringpost, in a move straight out of a community theater version of "West Side Story." I think he's a "Jet." Ryuma Go - on the warpath - goes under the ring and returns with ... the world's smallest trashcan! I had a trashcan that size in the third grade, but it had a Minnesota Vikings football helmet painted on the side. Ryuma Go is also bleeding now - is it HARDWAY?!? - and this match is the best I've seen in many, many hours. "Mr. Owl, how many licks of the teeny, tiny trashcan does it take to send The Highlander to his back?" Let's see ... one, twoooooo, THREEEEEEE!!!! GODDAMN IT!!! This match is CLIPPED! Next thing I know, Ryuma Go is walking arm-in-arm with The Highlander, almost like he's helping an old friend get over a bad drunk, all the way the stairs, only to ... throw The Highlander into the wall. Wow. Ryuma Go flexes and yells, and I'm certain he is mentally retarded. In a good way. I mean ... nevermind. So tremendous is this spot, that they repeat it! Ryuma Go then makes his way back to the ring. It takes some time, what with the two (apparently) broken legs. I fix a sandwich. I call my mom. I start my Christmas list and clean my gutters. We're back in the ring and it's The Highlander with the low-blow to transition. Followed by a brainbuster for two. Followed by a bodyslam and WATCH OUT! The Highlander is going UP TO THE TOP ROPE! This is what you came to see, fans! A high leg-drop off of the top fails to put Ryuma Go down. The Highlander complains to the ref, giving Ryuma Go time to secure a belly-to-back suplex (maybe). And another! And here comes the tiny trashcan again! Katie bar the door! Ryuma Go with the clothesline. And another belly-to-back suplex (maybe). And now he's GOING FOR THE FIGURE FOUR!!! THAT HOLD CAN'T BE BROKEN!!! No, wait, it's a sharpshooter (maybe). And The Highlander taps. A little anticlimactic, sure, but that match took me on a journey. Get this one on your MOTLYC fridge-list, mat fans!

Paul Burchill vs Brody Steele: The pre-match interview graphic identifies Paul Burchill as "The Flying Gentleman." Worst nickname ever, or best Disney vehicle for Dick Van Dyke? Burchill claims he's the best wrestler in Europe, and he will be the best in Japan. His eyes betray him. He doesn't believe it. Brody Steele is "The King Man" according to the graphic I imagine him to

be a MONSTER checkers player. I now realize that Brody Steele is the bastard that attacked Ryuma Go in the last match, not HHH. Sorry, mat fans! Adjust your "tape trade want list" immediately. Both men are in the ring and GODDAMN IT! This is clipped, too. Bummer. Burchill with some kicks, and a fisherman's suplex (maybe), and a moonsault that misses the mark. I think he went to the well one to many times with that one. Brody Steele lumbers around the ring. He is slow. He is lumbering. Is he in the WWE yet? Haha ... zing! See that? I "ZINGED" the WWE! I can zing them, with my wit! Paul Burchill gets the advantage again, with the world's fruitiest, flippiest embellished neckbreaker thing. Then it's the standing moonsault directly to Brody Steele's shin. A bit off the mark there. Steele's shin is covered, but only a two count. Steele's back in it with a big powerbomb. Big, slow, lumbering muscleheads can usually pull off a good powerbomb. Only a two count. Brody Steele goes for the chokeslam, but "The Flying Gentleman" blocks it. And he blocks it again! And he ... gets caught with a chokeslam for the three count. Well. That's ... over.

Joe Legend vs. Avalanche: Hey! This match wasn't on my matchlist! Looks like SOMEONE needs to be removed from my "reputable traders" list! Avalanche is out first and he carelessly threatens the fans standing near the ring entranceway with a steel chain! Carelessly because there are no fans standing near the ring entranceway. Joe Legend seems less than legendary to me, but I'm a fair weather fan. CLIPPED. Avalanche charges Joe Legend in the corner, but Legend uses the noodle and moves out of the way. Avalanche with the retarded bump over the top to the floor, and I like him. Joe Legend with a less-than-legendary double axe-handle smash off the top to the outside. Avalanche gets back in the ring. RE-DONK-U-LOUS tope through the ropes by Avalanche! I love this guy. C- for execution but an A + for effort. Avalanche tries something stupid off the top rope (it looks like we used to call a "watermelon" off the diving board) and misses. Joe Legend kicks him in the face, throws a suplex on the big man, and gets the three. Disappointing. Keep an eye on Avalanche.

Teddy Hart vs. Jack Evans vs. Tomoya Adachi vs. Benten vs. Takashi Sasaki: ANOTHER match not on my matchlist. I don't know anything about any of these guys (not even Teddy Hart) so this is going to be ... confusing. Jack Evans is out first and I think I'm going to put a moratorium on watching matches featuring guys who look like scrawny Eminem fans. HE'S BREAKDANCING in the ring, and the Japanese cats are scared and confused by his flaring. This is one of those "countdown-to-the-next-wrestler" matches that I'm sure has a more official name. Me lack of expertise is showing. And so is my lack of patience. This is all flipping and flipping and stupid dives where Teddy Hart spins around off the top rope to the outside and lands on his FEET (what's the point there?!?) and I just can't be bothered.

Joe Legend vs. Brody Steele: I will KILL whoever gave me this matchlist. These two cats again?!? They trade some not so great punches, and I wonder how my VCR got stuck on the slo-mo setting. It's not. Bummer. Steele chokeslams Legend, but can't get the three unfortunately for me. Then there's some shenanigans on the outside as Avalanche and Paul Burchill get into it, and Brody Steele joins them, and Joe Legend goes up to the top and launches a big ... something ... to the outside. Not crisp. Some more stuff goes on, and I await the ref to throw the "delay of game" flag. Then Avalanche tries to involve a chair but ends up

clocking Steele with it in a move that would be unfair to Western Union to be described as “telegraphed.” But at least Paul Burchill lays a dropkick on Avalanche on the apron and Avalanche takes another stupid bump & this guy rules. Then Legend does the world’s lamest finisher on Steele (sort of picks him up and ... drops him) and gets the three. Not good. Bad. Joe Legend gets a trophy for his trouble, and certainly some fine, Japanese poontang. But what do I get? Ohhhhhh-whoooooahhhh, what do I get?!?

Petey Williams vs Alex Shelly: I was expecting this match four matches ago. No time for jibber-jabbering. Fast forward to the wrestling. They start out doing some of that rolling around, chain-wrestling the kids love so much, and it's all fine and good, but a bit staid and antiseptic for my tastes. So kill me. I could watch "Dancing With the Stars" if I want to see this. There's a short transition to the outside before moving straight into the "I'll-kick-out-of-yours-if-you-kick-out-of-mine" segment, and we truly have reached indy-wrestling by the numbers territory. I bet I would enjoy this if I were to see it live and I was high, but I am watching it on tape and I am sober, so I find it hard to feign interest. It's all very crisp and well done, and pretty darn boring. They even end with a hug. Ahhh, how sweet.

 $\sim + \sim$ [illegible]

Honey I saw you yesterday On my way home- Baby I craved for you today-So I decided to
phone- So why don't we get together soon- And er get on our own
SINGLES GOING STEADY!

Just think of what me and you could do- If we get on our own- If we could get on our own

[illegible]

Mistico v. Averno 2/15/05-CMLL-(PHIL SCHNEIDER): Mistico is the new flavor of the month for people who pimp lucha without getting lucha. I remember enjoying him as a green guy being carried by Hector Garza when I went to Arena Mexico, but was pretty skeptical about his ability to work a long singles match. Man was my skepticism rewarded, this was nothing much for a long time. Mistico gets nice height on his bumps, and has some fun dives, but there are long sections of this match where he appears to be lost.

Averno is a fun trios rudo, but is clearly not much of a singles worker either, as I really got the sense that Fuerza or Dandy or Panther would have been able to have a really good match with Mistico, but Averno didn't really have enough stuff to take the middle of this match, and didn't really pace Mistico's big spots particularly well.

Basically Mistico looks like what he is, a fine Momentas Estrallas spot worker with a cool gimmick, who is pushed over his head. You could stick Izzy under a mask send him to Mexico for a couple of weeks and you would read the exact same lauded prose.

Jon Cortez vs Jim Breaks- 2/4/1981-(DEAN RASMUSSEN):It's 7 in the morning on a Sunday. Being the sabbath, I can only assume the Lord wants to get closer to me and to bless me and have his shine upon me because there is a Jim Breaks match from 1981 on this dvd. Phil Rippa- who is on sabbatical or who has turned heel or is plotting our deaths- sends me all these fucking awesome British wrestling dvds that he gets from Batboy. I have like ten of these now and I feel disingenuous by starting with a collection of a great British wrestler because you really need to know that for every masterpiece of weird ass matwork you get, you would also get a 7 round Kendo Nagasaki tag match with two guys who appear to be former Harold McMillan cabinet ministers. Let me say that Jim motherfucking Breaks is your motherfucking DADDY, motherfucker. He is soooooo motherfucking great. Breaks is this scrawny, hateful, high-pitched whiny British asshole heel who is sooooooooooooo much better than anybody else on any of these dvds. Johnny Saint and Fit Finlay and Steve Regal and Clive Myers and Sayama and Marc Rocco and whoever else you can conjure- Jim Breaks gottem beat. So fucking carney and he can just enrage an audience by being a whimpering ninny one minute and being a bonecrushing shooter in the next. He does every trick in the book: taunting the crowd while spindling Cortez' arm on the mat, feigning a charge on Cortez as he is walking to the corner between rounds, the Fuerza Guerrera handshake spots- sheer genius. Cortez is all elegant and graceful and Breaks gives him the business and calls him a pansy before Breaks rudos a snapmare like fuckin Blue Panther. Breaks does all these carney armholds that everybody needs to steal. They look fucking NASTY. He augments the carney holds with the carney baiting of the rubes. It's like if you had a clown in the dunking booth be able snap all the tendons in your shoulder. He is all insults and violence- like a real heel does, and he does it all in the ring. The audience is just completely captivated. Guys at computers typing at 7 in the morning 24 years later are captivated. Breaks was the British Ric Flair. God, the same round where he does the Snapmare Challenge, he does a molten headlock sequence that ENRAGES the rubes and plays to the strength of Cortez grace as Cortez escapes. He then sells Cortex bizarre Santo headstake variation like screeching 6 year old. Between round 2 and 3, he points at people in the audience and threatens them. Cortez with the cravate and Breaks responds by reversing into a headlock and sneaking in a punch to the head. Breaks goes on the offense and mixes in legal open hand strikes with other strikes when he can get the ref behind him- all the while denying everything to the crowd in his astoundingly annoying voice. He fishhooks Cortez while arguing with the ref and the crowd goes molten in hate. Finally Cortez freaks out and starts slamming Breaks head on the mat and the babyface pop is straight out of Memphis 1976. Then Cortez gets the public warning after Breaks has broken every rule in wrestling. SOUTHERN AS A FUCKING COUNTRY FRIED STEAK. Breaks should been a fucking British Freebird. So Breaks goes back to taunting the crowd while cheating in a headlock and the crowd at this point is popping like Sting has just propelled down from the rafters in 1999 whenever Cortez gets anything in. Fourth round, Cortez is too fast for Breaks, hitting all these beautiful armdrags. Breaks taunts Cortez' bouncing on his toes and Cortez headbutts him in the stomach. Breaks being Proto-Rudo, points directly to his dick and yells un foule. Cortez does a shoulderwrench and Breaks sells it like Ray the Crippler Stevens. He tries again and Breaks forearms him in the head and wrenches in his arm-shattering submission hold and Breaks wins. There is nothing else I can say. Jim Breaks is GOD.

Super Dragon/Excalibur v. Kevin Steen/El Generico-12/11/04-CZW:(PHIL SCHNEIDER): I had previously seen clips of this match and knew it was full of crazy spots, but I had absolutely no expectations of it actually being a good match, I expected this to be 20 minutes of 2.9 wrestling with 183 finishers being kicked out of. I mean you have So-Cal guys v. IWS guys in CZW of all places, here you weirdly have three wrongs make a right, as this was really well put together.

This was really set up like an All Japan tag with senior and junior partners. Steen and Dragon are mostly kept away from each other, and both Excalibur and Generico take the majority of the beating. They really only tease Steen v. Dragon and make you want to see the singles match- which is a singles match that I previously had no interest in seeing

The opening section of the match is really great- as So-Cal just mauls Generico, with Super Dragon running over to take cheap shots at Steen. At one point he does a double stomp on Generico who is layed out on Ex's knees, and goes right into a tope on Steen. Then he just stares at the crowd in a totally cockish way. He is successful at making a tope a heel move, which is something I don't think I have ever seen before. A little later he knocks Steen off the apron and goes into the IWS corner and gets tagged in by a groggy Generico and he does a Robert Gibson dance and just starts stomping Generico. Finally he just stands on Genericos head while staring at Steen. When Generico finally gets a tag, he even pops the scumbag Philly CZW crowd.

Steen and Genrico then work over Excalibur for a while, before the go into the great stretch run. This match could have fallen apart here, but they didn't really kick out of anything, all the big moves where broken up by their partners, and no one no-sold anything. They did a really nice job cycling out guy, where they would get hit by a big move and then be out of the match long enough, that you bought them as a fresh guy when they went on offense. They did a nice dive train, and then did a section, where everyones finisher got blocked, before they all hit their secondary finisher. Finish had Excalibur taken out by the brainbuster on the top rope. Dragon then takes out Steen with a lariat, leaving just Generico and Dragon. Generico gets an advatage, but gets hit wit a Violence Party, curb stomp with Genericos forehead hitting the bottom turnbuckle, and the Psycho Driver for the win. Excalibur is able to grab Steen's leg, so he couldn't break the pin. Post match has all three guys kill Generico with more finishers. Dragon was great here as he hits a hideous double stomp on Genericos head in a chair, and then puts him in a small package and celebrates like he just won the NWA tag titles.

For a juniors spot tag, I think this just kills the pimped KENTA/Fuji tags, it didn't have the awkward middle those matches usually have, and the hot finish was just as hot, with less unnecessary kick outs. Also Super Dragon is such a magnificent bastard in this, you want to just reach through your computer and kick him in the eye.

THE 2001 EAGLE PRO CRUISERWEIGHT TOURNAMENT- SUPER JUDIST/CRUSHER TAKAHASHI (CROWN) vs. HIROSHI SHIMADA/TAKAO IWASAKI (EAGLE)- PART II- (by DEAN RASMUSSEN): Super Judist answers his door. Crusher Tanahashi is dressed in his jeans and a black long sleeve t-shirt. He wears penny loafers with no socks. Super Judist pulls

his dark blue long sleeve shirt on and slips into his 1983 checkerboard Vans. "You know, Crusher, I need to go buy some new shirts."

"Get a hole in your dark green Eddie Bauer pull-over? Your dark burgundy J Crewe pullover ripping at the seams?"

"Yeah, let me borrow a few of your dark blue Haynes Beefy T long sleeve Ts."

"It makes me sick to think that our shared shitty fashion sense morphs so deeply into our morbid obesity. You don't think I look like one of those Goths do you?"

"No, you're good. Folks know a fat guy trying to look less fat. They give you credit for not wearing stripes and cycling shorts"

"But I always dressed like this. It's the sizes that got bigger."

"I remember wearing a lot of flannel shirts in my youth. Now they are like the cool windbreakers I so sorely miss now- they don't even make it down my forearm anymore. If I didn't believe that losing weight as such a pussy-assed shitheaded thing to do, I would lose weight just to fit into my burgundy windbreaker. God, that thing is beautiful..."

"I miss cool army coats. Punk rock was so fun."

"I could never go headfirst into punk like you. I think I liked the Scorpions too much."

"Ah but Judist- TRUE punk is liking whatever the fuck you like and not acting like you like something else."

"You always say that.... and yet.... if this true....."

"Yes?"

"Well, then obviously you were not truly punk rock."

"What are you saying."

"Come on. You're telling me that Suicidal Tendencies were better than fucking Judas Priest? In your heart- IN YOUR HEART- you can tell me this?"

"I was a kid. One stands the test of time. The other felt good at the time. When I was 17, Suicidal Tendencies spoke to me. Now that I've gone completely to seed and I stay suicidally depressed all the time, gay men in leather speak to me."

"Oh yeah, so much more now. Now you can completely understand Halford's fear. God, gay heavy metal singer is so TRULY punk rock- especially when you think of what a group of my older brother's friend would have done to him if they found out in 1986. I mean, at least Freddie Mercury had all those showtunes on every Queen record to keep the homophobic demographic at an arms length. Halford was the musical version of a transvestite luring straight rednecks up to his apartment. It's so balls out when you think about it."

"Especially looks like a profile in courage when compared to the punk clannishness of the time. But we also acknowledged that in the Richmond punk scene. Remember all the RVA PUNX-VCU'S BIGGEST FRAT graffitti. It was pretty true. But it was also one of the reasons a lot of us got into the punk rock scene. I mean most of us were weird in school and the punk family (so to speak) was a batch just as fucked up as we were. So yeah, Rob Halford was fucking CRAZY if he wasn't just fucking courageous. You gotta respect that."

"I think we are both ready to respect a really good Christian metal if we ever come across one."

"Oh yeah."

Super Judist walks over to the sink and pours out a bottle of warm Budweiser from the previous evening.

"Budweiser? What, was Nascar on or something? You gonna start wearing trucker hats and gas station attendant shirts?"

"Eh, it was on sale. For nine bucks a 12. I figured, 'what the hey, I never drink Budweiser.'"

Crusher loses what little joy was in his face. "Yeah, fuck all that trucker hat bullshit, I just can't drink Budweiser because it reminds me of something."

"That time you threw up at the Fugazi show? What? that's was fucking hilarious."

"Naw, not that. It reminds me of Jamie and..."

"Oh Jesus, here we go."

"You were in love with her too."

"Yeah, I could have fucked her but I knew you were in love with her. Luckily she got all fat after you started plying her."

"Yeah, but it didn't really take the edge off her leaving me for Asian Cougar. God, that guy is a dick. I mean I APPRECIATE him as a dick when he wasn't porking my girlfriend behind my back. But there is a point where being a dick isn't a point of strength and just becomes a manifestation of a greater weakness. When he crossed over and started fucking Jamie..."

"Yeah yeah yeah- you had to stomp the shit out of him. Yeah yeah. I was there the second time you beat the shit out of him. I was taunting him about Bill Buckner and Red Sox as you were slamming his head into the side of a car."

"That was great. I loved the play for pussy you brought forth by feigning outrage and breaking up the fight and being all sensitive in front of the ladies."

"Well, manslaughter is still time in prison so I was helping you out."

"Thanks, my brother, you didn't deserve the pathetic masturbation session you encountered when the pussy didn't fall for your manly concern."

"Eh, it was worth a shot. And who wants to wake up with an art chick? I kid myself by saying.... Hey, what does this have to do with Budweiser?"

"Oh that. Well, the turning point of my relationship with Jamie was when we went that big Goro Tsurumi Superbowl party and he- being the drywalling redneck GOD that he is- had fucking CRATES of Bud. I'm pretty sure I drank two cases in 12 hours. Jamie was getting pretty pissed by the time left because you know what a bitch she was usually and how that magnified as she got drunk. Any way. I remember the next morning, I had passed out in my clothes and pissed all over myself. The look on her face as she looked at me wake up sealed our fate. It was just a matter of time. Thinking back...."

"JESUS FUCKING CHRIST, CRUSHER, GET OVER IT. Let me tell you this ONCE and ONCE ONLY. Jamie was a fucking fat whore. You were in love. You were in love with a FAT WHORE. YOU my friend should find Asian Cougar and KISS HIM ON HIS MOTHERFUCKING FACE for saving your life. And if I hear this story one more time I will- I swear to fucking GOD- I will beat the living shit out of you and - far worse- never talk to you ever again."

"Well."

"EVER."

"Okay. Yeah, she was a whore."

"Yes. She was. Even IIII wouldn't fuck her. It wasn't because I was your friend, it was because she was a disgusting skag. GET ON WITH YOUR LIFE."

Crusher could tell Judist was just saying it to make him feel better and he smiled. "Hey, you got anymore left?"

"Whores?"

"No. God. Budweiser."

"Oh yeah. That stuff sucks. I could only drink 8 of them. Then I pissed in my pants and my fat whore girlfriend lost respect for me. Chugalug, fat man."

Crusher laughed a mighty laugh. He then drank 4 Budweisers and was ready to get in Judist's bad ass motherfucking car.

To Be Continued.

\$
YOUR DEATH VALLEY PLAYAZ.
\$